

Stoking the Fire

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Stoking the Fire

by [DeviantHufflepuff](#)

Summary

Hermione is bitten by Werewolves while working as an Auror. Three days before her first full moon, her body goes into a frenzy, and she needs her two Auror partners to help her survive the fire inside of her.

Notes

I hope you like this, dear! It turned out a bit filthier than I meant, but I have a feeling you won't mind!

Thank you Ada for being my Alpha and Beta, I am the luckiest Omega in the world!

The words in front of her blurred more and more with each passing minute, but she would not leave this office until she finished her work. She couldn't leave her team hanging that way.

Her skin felt like it was burning, the fabric of her clothing driving her up a wall. Every inch of her body was over-sensitive, each nerve ending firing off at its highest level. Worse still was the ache between her thighs. Slick pooled in her knickers, threatening to run down her thighs each time she moved, but that didn't stop her from rubbing her thighs together, needing friction as she never had before.

"Granger, if you need something, all you need to do is ask. As it is, rocking back and forth on your chair isn't going to help anything." She didn't even know she was moving, but once he spoke, she noticed her grinding into the padding of her chair.

"Go home, Granger. It's three days until your first full moon since recovering, excuse the expression but you look less human and more 'bitch in heat' right now than you will ever be."

Hermione couldn't stop the involuntary moan that escaped her lips, she shouldn't like being called a 'bitch' but the way Draco said it caused even more arousal to leak from her cunt.

"Go home, find a man or a plastic imitation, and spend the day, or more likely the next three days, having as many orgasms as your body will let you. Otherwise, you will likely go a bit mad for a little and your transformation will be even harder on you." Paperwork and books made their way into her bag as Draco walked around the office, packing her belongings away.

"How do you know all this?"

"I used to hide in the library when... he... lived at the Manor. I read everything we had, no matter the subject. There is a whole section dedicated to werewolves and I wanted to know every, especially with Greyback lurking about," Once he filled the bag, he made his way over to her chair and knelt next to her, "Can you walk to the floo or should I help you?"

Shaking her head, Hermione tried to figure out what she would do. She wasn't a blushing virgin, but she was by no means what one might call 'adventurous', honestly, she was still a bit prudish. She didn't have a man to call over and she didn't have a 'plastic imitation' hidden away in some drawer.

"I don't know what to do?" This was a first, not knowing what laid before her. "I don't have... anything or anyone... I'm alone."

"Shit. Granger, you need something. It will drive you up a wall if you don't get off, and I doubt those tiny hands will do the trick. It would be best with a man, semen helps... 'calm the beast' as the book said, but you can probably owl order a toy or something."

Her heartbeat was drumming in her ear. The foggiest in her mind completely clouded her judgment, not allowing her to think straight. With a clearer mind she may not have told Draco anything, nor would she have said what came out next.

"Help me, please!"

"Sure, I'll get you to the floo. Don't worry! I've got you," a strong arm wrapped around her waist, hoisting her to her feet.

"No, I mean at home. I need someone," a part of her mind reminded her that she did not in fact 'need' anyone. She *wanted* someone. Very different. But the piece of her overwhelmed with desire did not care about her feminism or independence, all it cared about was the drumming between her legs.

"Granger, are you sure you don't want me to get Potter or Weasley? Maybe even Blaise?" The thought of Harry touching her was almost enough to ruin her sex drive, but only almost. As for Ron, he wasn't able to pleasure her before, so there was no reason to believe he would be able to help her now. Blaise on the other hand could be useful if Draco was not up for it.

"Do you not want me, Draco?" After years of working in the Aurors department together, she trusted him. He saved her life on countless occasions, only just recently saving her from the

werewolves who bit her. If not for him, she may have truly become nothing more than a bitch in heat.

“Yes, Granger. Of course, I want you,” Draco sighed and ran his fingers through his silver locks. He looked so torn on how to continue, like a war was being waged inside his head. “But I need to make sure you are truly alright with this.” His hand moved to her face, forcing her to look up into his silver eyes, “I’m concerned. I don’t know if you can consent to this right now, Granger.”

“Oh, fuck off! If you don’t want to fuck me, that’s fine! But I am still me, so if I tell you I want you, I mean it.” She tried to push out of his arms, but her legs felt like lead, unable to fully support her.

Draco stared into her eyes, and for a moment she thought he may be using Legilimency on her, but the tell-tale presence of someone in her mind never came. Instead, he just searched her face for any trace of doubt.

“Okay, Granger then let's get you home,” he scooped her up and walked across the hall instead of going to the floos in the atrium.

“Potter! Granger and I will be out for the rest of the day. Can we use the floo?”

She heard no response, too busy breathing in Draco’s intoxicating scent. Warm apples and sweet, smoky wood, in each breath an apple orchard and mulled cider.

The flames glowed around her as she and Draco spun within the fireplace. Once they entered her bedroom, Hermione wasted no time getting what she needed. With a ferocity that shocked her, Hermione pulled Draco against her, sandwiching herself between him and the wall, and kissed him.

The longing pulsing inside of her exploded, demanding more attention, friction, just *more* . Teeth sank into her bottom lip, pulling a deep, desperate moan from deep within her. His lips followed down the column of her neck, sucking and biting as he went.

It was bliss, but it wasn't enough. More slick dripped from her, and she could feel it leaking down her thighs. She needed to be filled, or she would truly go insane.

"I need you inside of me now, Draco! I don't need foreplay, these knickers are already ruined," grabbing the collar of his shirt, Hermione pulled him over to the bedroom. Once inside, she waved her wand and stripped them both.

His cock was exactly what she needed, not too long, though very much 'above average,' and god, was he thick. As she stared at him, his intense eyes lingered on her tits as he licked his lips in appreciation.

When he went to sit on the bed, Hermione heard an animalistic growl leave her lips. He couldn't sit or lay down, that wasn't how she needed it. He stopped moving and allowed her to move past him and kneel on the bed, getting on all fours and presenting her dripping cunt to him.

"This way. You said it yourself, I'm not as much a woman as I am a bitch in heat." Fuck, even just calling herself that makes her cunt quiver in need, "So fuck me like that, take me like a bitch."

He seemed to need no further invitation because he pressed inside of her without hesitation only seconds later. He took her hard and fast, just as she asked, his balls slapping loudly against her clit. She felt incredible, but she still felt like she needed more, like she was missing some crucial piece of the puzzle.

Even still, she could feel her orgasm building within her each time Draco thrust his cock deep inside of her. His thick length filled her perfectly, stretching her needy hole and pressing deliciously against the bundle of nerves inside of her.

"Harder, Draco! Fuck me like a bitch. I'm your bitch!" His thrusts became sharper, each time he left her cunt empty she whimpered only for him to thrust inside of her again, hitting her g-spot directly.

“That’s it, little bitch. I can feel your sweet little cunt gripping me so tight. Come for me, Granger. Come, bitch!”

She had never felt so out of control of her body before. His words pushed her over the edge and her whole body convulsed with pleasure. She thought she had been hot that morning, but it was nothing compared to the liquid fire running through her veins.

Through the fog of her release, she felt Draco stiffen inside of her as his hot seed coated her cunt as he too found bliss, his come filling her pussy a sweet balm to the flames inside of her, calming the animal lived in her soul.

When he was done, as he went to remove his cock from her hole, another animalistic growl came out of her, stopping Draco in his tracks. Something inside of her wouldn’t let go of the feeling of something inside of her. She had already begun to feel empty like she wasn’t stretched to the extent she needed, and losing his thick length would only make it worse.

Without explanation, he stayed inside of her and moved them to the bed, spooning tightly so he would stay lodged in her cunt.

“Why do I—”

“A werewolf would want to be knotted, tied to their partner until they are pregnant. I can’t do that, so this is the next best thing.” He pulled her closer still, even with his cock softening inside of her, the presence of something was better than nothing.

“Is that why I feel so empty?”

“Wow, Granger. Way to give a man some new insecurities,” she felt him laughing behind her but still felt bad.

“You know what I meant. I am quite pleased with your cock, it’s just... Is doesn’t feel like... enough.”

Already the heat that plagued her all day was seeping back under her skin. She thought she would feel some prolonged reprieve, but no such luck.

Moving her hips back into Draco, Hermione tried to stave off the flames, but they would not be ignored and overtook her with a speed and ferocity she could not fathom.

“Why am I like this again?” Her hand trailed down her body to swipe at her sensitive clit. “I thought this would help!”

“It’s supposed to, fuck!” behind her, Draco winced as she rocked on his oversensitive cock, but he did not try to pull away from her. “Ok, let me try something else. Where did he bite you?”

“One of them bit me here, on my hip and the other bit me here, right below my left breast,” she moved his hands over the scarred bite marks and moaned aloud when he grazed the marred skin.

“Wait, two different men bit you?”

“Yes, it’s in the report. I thought you knew?” She couldn’t understand why he sounded so worried; it was in the past. Right now she was more focused on burning alive. Death by arousal was not how she wished to go.

Draco finally left her pussy and got out of bed, pacing before her, his cock coated in a mix of her juices and his come.

“You need two people, Granger.” He stopped and looked at her masturbating on the bed, “When a werewolf turns a woman, he is considered her mate and alpha. If two bit you, then you have two alphas. Therefore you need two people, two cocks, preferably two knots, but I don’t have a way to help you there.”

As if testing his theory he came up to her and ran his hands over her arse until he reached her hole. He circled her entrance gently before pushing his digit inside. She expected pain or a stretch but that never came. Instead, his finger glided in easily and she felt a need for more.

“Fuck, that proves it,” he went to withdraw his finger, but after hearing Hermione whine, he instead added a second digit.

“What proves what?” She asked, moaning as he easily added a third finger.

“Your arse is leaking slick, just like you cunt, Granger. See how easy it is to stretch this little hole? It’s because you were made to take two knots in you. You feel so out of control because you need both your holes filled up.”

The thought of being fucked by two sent Hermione’s head spinning. She knew he was right, something inside of her, primal and animalistic, knew she was meant for two alphas.

“Ok, so—”

“So, you have options. Easiest and least messy would be to owl order a thick dildo and charm it to fuck whichever I’m not using. The other option is we call someone to join—”

“Blaise. Call Blaise.” She needed no other answer. The only person she trusted more was Harry, and fucking him was not an option. She needed her team, her backup, her ride-or-die men.

“Okay. I’ll be right back.” He walked out of the room and threw on his boxers. The last thing she heard was the floo light up before the only thing she could focus on was the throbbing in her body and her uncontrollable heartbeat.

“Fuck, mate. I thought you were joking.”

Hermione looked up from the bed to see Draco and Blaise standing at the door. She would later be ashamed, but she could not stand the idea of taking her fingers out of her arse and cunt, not until something thicker was there to replace them.

“Hey, Mia. You... doing okay?” He always seemed so suave and in control, but he looked like a blushing teenager as he watched her finger her holes.

“I would be better if you fucked me!” No time for niceties, she knew what she needed—the bitches growing in both men’s pants.

“Are you sure, Granger? You seem a little out of it and I want to—”

“Oh, fuck you! You both did this. Yes. I want you. I wanted you before I was bitten and now I *need* you. Does that cover the consent bit? Do you need me to beg?” When they were inside of her, she might be reduced to begging, but right now, she was the Alpha Bitch in this room, and though she was the one overrun by pheromones, she was still in charge.

“Granger, I would love nothing more than to hear you begging for my cock,” the Italian strutted over to the bed and grasped that hand fucking her pussy, pulling it away and taking her fingers into his mouth.

She felt Draco behind her, spooning around her. His fingers replaced her own, fingering her tight arse, stretching her in preparation for his cock as Blaise lapped up the juices on her hand.

“No foreplay! I’m ready, just fuck me. We can play later!” Her voice held that animalistic growl that told the room her wolf was in control.

“Already, we’ve got you, Granger. But you need to decide now, do you want to be on all fours, or do you want us both to stay inside of you? I don’t think we’ll be able to accomplish

both.”

With a frustrated rumble, Hermione tried to come up with a solution she liked. He made a good point, her more rational brain knew that, but it still didn’t make her happy.

“Stay inside.”

She hadn’t noticed Blaise stripping, but she lied on her side, sandwiched between the two Slytherins, face to face with Blaise.

Her leg was moved to wrap around Blaise’s hip, opening her up for his pleasure.

“Fucking hell, Granger,” the head of his cock swiped through her juices before he was sheathed deep inside of her, “Merlin, your cunt feels like heaven.”

“Yes! Fuck me. Hard. Don’t be gentle, I need it.” She missed a good look at his cock earlier, but the way he bumped against her cervix told her he was long and exactly what she needed. Incoherent moans and growls left her as he fucked her, and in response, the two men gave her exactly what she needed.

“Do you like that, bitch? Your hole is so fucking wet, just dripping, coating my cock so well. You are such a good little bitch for me.” Draco obviously told him how that word was currently affecting her.

She laid like a ragdoll in-between the two snakes, a cock in her cunt and fingers in her arse, building the hot pleasure inside of her until that feeling of ‘more’ became too much to bear.

“Draco, for fuck sake, get your cock in my arse before I bite your fucking head off!” The vibration of his laugh pissed her off, how dare he laugh over something so serious. Before she could reprimand him for his rude behaviour, he thrust inside of her, joining Blaise in his endless assault of her body.

“There you go, bitch. See, don’t you feel better now that you have two cocks inside of your greedy little bitch holes?” Draco spoke directly into her ear before taking the lobe between his teeth. His one hand moved to her breasts while the other began circling her clit.

“Fuck, don’t do that Dray!”

Hermione looked up and growled at Blaise, angry that he would try and take her pleasure away. “Sorry, I’m barely hanging on. Merlin, fuck!” Her internal muscles gripped him tighter, her own orgasm fast approaching.

“Same, mate. Granger, are you going to be our good bitch and come with us? Come around our cocks as we fill you up?”

“Yes,! Please fill me up! Fuck me full! I’m so close!”

The two picked up their pace, pistoning inside her without abandon. The sounds around them were obscene; wet skin slapping together, deep grunts and moans, and the growls from Hermione.

Once again, the fire in her veins consumed her as she fell over into absolute bliss, a desperate howl leaving her lips as she thrashed between both men. Merlin, she had never felt pleasure like this before in her life. It felt like time itself both stopped and sped up, like every inch of her body bathed in pure ecstasy, and, yet, in an odd way, like coming home for the first time.

She became acutely aware of her men finishing inside of her as it cooled the heat in her veins and put her at peace, calm as she never knew before.

As promised, neither man removed their cock from her, and though the positioning was a bit awkward, she would live with the slight discomfort as long as this serene feeling stayed.

“Outside of the time before full moons, if either of you ever calls me ‘bitch’ again I will murder you. Are we clear?”

“Does that mean you will want us outside of... well I can’t call it ‘that time of the month’ so... wolfy time?” Blaise joked, his hands running up and down her sides.

“Yes. I think I might. Draco how long do you think I have until I’m a mess again?” She felt exhausted “Maybe three hours? I’ll keep an eye on the clock. Go to sleep. We’ll be here.”

She was already on her way when Draco said the most intriguing thing.

“I wonder if there’s a potion we could take to give us knots?”

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